THE Rare Triumphes of *Loue* and *Fortune*.

Plaide before the Queenes moſt excellent Maieſtie: wherin are manye fine Conceites with great delight.

AT LONDON
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The first Acte.

Enter *Mercury*, then riseth a Furie: then enter the assembly of the Gods, *Iupiter* with *Iuno*, *Apollo* with *Minerua*, *Mars* and *Saturne*, after *Vulcan* with *Venus*, the Fury sets debate amongst them, and after *Iupiter* speakes as followeth.

YE Gods and Goddesses, whence springes this strife of (late? Iupiter.
who are the authors of this mutenye?
Or whence hath sprung this ciuill discorde here:
which on the sodaine strook vs in this feare.
If Gods that raigne in Skyes do fall at warre,
No meruaile then though mortall men do iarre.
But now I see the cause thou Fury fell,
Bred in the dungeon of the deepest hell.
Who causeth thee to shew thy selfe in light,
and what thy message is, I charge thee tell vpright.

Enter *Tysiphone*.

O *Iupiter* thou dreadfull king of Gods & men the father hie, Tisiphone
to whose commaund the heauens, the earth and lowest hell (obey:
Tysiphone the daughter of eternall night.
Bred in the bottome of the deepest pit of hell:
Brought vp in blood and cherisht with scrauling Snakes,
tormenting therwithall the damned soules of them,
Heer vpon earth that careless liue of thy commaundement.
I am the same.
I am the same whom both my lothsome sisters hate,
whom hell it selfe complaines to keep within her race.

Whom euery fearfull soule detesteth with a curse,
whom earth and Seas defie heauens lothing to beholde,
I am the same.
I am the same sent from thy brother Pluto now,
Thy brother Pluto King of hell and golden mynes,
Sent vnto thee and these thy fellow Gods I am,
From him to thee from him by me. to tell thee to thy face,
He hath been lately rubde and toucht perhaps too nere:
which he ne can or will put vp without reuenge.
If thou or any God the quarell dares defend.
And this it is.
Thy daughter Venus thy proud daughter Venus heere,
Blabs it abroad and beareth all the world in hand.
She must be thought the only Goddesse of the world:
Crafting and suppressing whom she likes best,
Defacing altogeather Lady Fortunes grace.
Breaking her anckers downe dishonouring her name,
Whose gouernement thy selfe, thy selfe dost knowe.
How saist thou dost thou not?
Her father therfore thy brother Pluto sendes,
By me the messenger of discorde and debate:
Commaunding or desiring, chose thou whether of both.
Her honour still impire, she may maintaine:
Els on thy daughter Venus that lasciuious dame,
Him selfe will wreak his high dispite on her.

Iupiter. Departe foule fiend vnto thy lothsome sell,
where thou lamenting makes continuall mone:
Goe tell my brother were it not for him,
thou shouldst haue rude thy bolde presumption.
Say thou thy message hath been largely heard,
and bid him send his daughter Fortune now:
whilst we are heere the matter may haue ende.
Dispatch.

Tisiphone. I goe. (lowe,
Giue place thou aire, open thou earth, gape hollow hell be-
and vnto all that liue and breathe, I wishe a worlde of wo.

Exit *Tysiphone*.

Ye

Ye powers deuine be reconcilde againe, Iupiter.
Departe from discorde and extreme debate:
within your breasts let loue and peace remaine,
A perfect patterne of your heauenly state.
whilome a goe to hell condemning hate:
Thus when the hier powers is in one,
Men vpon earth will flye contention.
Great God and father mine, your care and feare Mercury.
Of vs and eke of all the world beside,
that restles rules in his continuall Sphere,
wherby all thinges in perfect course abide:
as one arayes an other forth to slide.
And this example may preuaile for all,
to worke our willes according to your call:
And I dare say presuming on the rest,
the poyson of this rancour is suppresst.
How ye agree my maisters I cannot tell, Vulcan.
But were we a bed, we two could agrée well.
Gramercy Mercury I know thy will Iupiter.
Is euer prest to further my desire:
in signe wherof to quiet all thinges well.
and to surpresse betimes the secret fire,
that I perceiue would break and mount vp hier.
This to preuent content ye hære to staye.
to marke a while what for themselues they say.
And Venus hære I charge thee on my grace,
Not that I found thee hærtofore vntrue:
But for thine aduersarie is not yet in place,
thou tell vprightly whence your quarrell grew:
what words betwixt you therof did ensue.
Say louely daughter tell vs flat thy minde,
they shalbe blamed on whom the fault we finde. (tempt,
O thou that gouernest euery thing that Gods & men at- Venus.
and with thy fearful thunderbolte their doings dost prevẽt.
what hath thy daughter so deserued? what doth she silly dãe:
Before ye thus to be abused with vndeserued blame?

Surely but that thy duety commaundes me now to speake,
For such a trifling cause this way, my wrath I would not wreak.
But she no meruaile though she seeke my seat thus to staine
When otherwaies she connot tell, aduantage how to gain.
But hence this hot dispight, Hinc illæ lacrimæ:
Because I say she could not proue, her self of power with me
For all you Godheads know, she paines but such as pleasure knewe:
She neuer græues the groning minde, wher gladnes neuer grewe.
She neuer ouerthrowes but at the top of ioy:
For they that neuer tasted blisse, mislike not their anoye.
But I torment the minde that neuer felt releefe,
I plague the wretch that neuer thought on comfort in his greefe.
That neuer had the hope of any happy chaunce:
that neuer once so much as dæm'd I would his state aduãce.
Thinke then which of vs both are of the greater power,
Once in his life or not at all to graunt a lightning hower.
I nede not stand to make rehearsall here of all, thrall.
For Gods and ghosts, yea, men & beasts vnto my power are
I dare appeale to you if I should loke awry: deny,
Say father with your leaue, in heauen who dares my word
And if I please to smile who will not laugh out right:
Wherby my great omnipotence is knowne to euery wight.
I make the noble lous the bastarde in degree:
I tame and temper all the tunges, that raile & scoffe at me.
What bird, what beast, what worme, but feeleth my delight
what liues or draweth breth, but I can pleasure or despight.
Yet diuers thinges there be that Fortune cannot tame,
as are the riches of the minde, or else an honest name.
Or a contented hart, still free from Fortunes power.
But such as clime before they eraie, must drink ỹ swæt with sower.
Thy self O Iupiter didst graunt sometimes to me:
Of all things hær beneath the Mone, I should the ruler be.
Thou saist I did deserue the honor of that praise,
thy selfe didst once deuise wherby my glory first to raise.

Is

Is this my soueraigntie, is this my glorious:
Is this becomming thy renown, to quit thy daughter thus?
Feare not faire Venus, neither be dismaide, Iupiter.
Repose thee on the warrant of my word:
What I haue promist doubt not to be performed,
the spareless destinies my will affourde.
Let this defend thee like a trusty Sword.
But Lady Fortune commeth now we see,
Welcome faire dame, what is thy will with me? Fortune.
Ye sacred powers deuine how should I now begin,
Or which way should I couch my words your fauors for to win.
I may poure out my plaint, but thou maist it redresse,
My Father humbly praieth you to giue me leaue to speak,
And pardon him ý in his wrath he did your quietnes breake.
I cannot but confesse dread Gods I am not she,
that seekes with Venus to compare in her supremicie.
I am not of that power, yet am I of some might,
which she vsurping chalengeth to keep me from my right.
I graunt she may do much with her alluring smiles,
But soon your Godheads can perceiue her words be full of wiles.
What be ý tragedies, the terors that she makes?
Lets see the mighty Monarcks the kingdomes ý she shakes.
Poore soule she soundly liues with wanton sugred ioyes,
triumphing in her own delight vpon her foolishe toyes.
Sometime she flattereth it in pleasure mixt with paine,
Like to a faire sunshine day ouercast with Clowds of raine
But should I reckon vp what thinges I can confound,
what is it then, or what hath bẽn, or shall for aye be found.
Is not the wonder of the World a work that soon decayes:
therfore ye see all earthly thinges, are wearing out alwaies
As brittle as the glasse, vnconstant like the minde:
as fickle as the whirling whele, as wauering as the winde.
Loe such am I that ouerthrowes the hiest reared tower:
that changeth and suppor teth Realmes in twinkling of an hower.
And send thẽ hasty smart whom I deuise to spoyle:
Not threatning or forewarning them but at a sodain smile.

Where

Where ioy doth most abound there I do sorrow place,
and them I cheefely persecute that pleasure did embrace.
what greater greefe can fall to man in all his life,
then after swæt to taste the sower, in peace to be at strife.
It is a biting thought that frettetl, on the hart, (smart,
to say the time was when I ioy'd, though now oppress with
If euer mighty King did scape vntoucht of me:
if euery yeere, or moneth, or day, or if an hower might be.
Wherin I haue not vs'd to practise some exchange,
Perhaps for this authoritie I might be thought to range.
To farre beyond my right but euen the very starres,
the Heauens, the Planets, and the Seas beare witnesse of
my scarres.

Venus. No more of that good dame you run to farre at rome,
Ile take the paines to keep you short & call you nerer home.
I pray you whats your might when all are well belou'd?

Fortune. The swætest louers in distres ỹ sharper storms haue prou'd

Venus. Perhaps for want of wealth but if their riches slack,

Fortune. They are the very instrument wherby I worke their woe,

Venus. What if their frends abound then can they neuer lacke?

Fortune. The deerest frends are scattered when Fortune turns her (toe.

Venus. If they be noble borne or of a Princely blood:

Fortune. When Fortune frownes, that may procure more harme
then do them good.

Venus. But wise men euermore vpon a Rocke are set:

Fortune. Yet can they not escape a scourge for Fortune hath a net.

Iupiter. I will not in till things be well discernde,
Affection shall not marre a lawfull cause:
By examples this may best be learnde,
In elder ages led within your lawes.
therfore a while heerof I meane to pause.
And bring in Mercury in open view,
the Ghosts of them that Loue and Fortune slue.

Mercury. Thy word my will:
thou triple headed Cerberus giue place,
And I commaund thee Caron with thy Ferry boate,
transporte

Transporte the soules of such as may reporte,
Fortune and Loue and not in open sorte.
Let them appære to vs in silent showe,
to manifest a trueth that we must knowe.
Strike with his Rod three times

Are ye mad my Maisters, what a sturre haue we héere? Vulcan.
Lord haue mercy vpon vs must the deuill appeare.
Come away wife, when I pray thœ come away,
Downe on your knœs my Maisters and pray.

Musicke.

Enter the show of Troylus and Cressida.

Beholde how Troylus and Cressida, Mercury.
Cryes out on Loue that framed their decay. (come,
That was like the olde wife when her Ale would not Vulcan.
thrust a fire brand in the groute and scratcht her bum.
Musicke.

Enter the shew of Alexander.

Alexander the great that all the world subdude, Mercury.
Curseth fell Fortune that did him delude. (me,
Tis an honest grim sire at his first comming out beléeue Vulcan.
And ye had stod in the winde ye might haue smelt me.
Musicke.

Enter the show of Queene Dydo.

Quéene Dydo that Aeneas could not moue, Mercury.
Stabbed her selfe and yælded vnto loue.
The more fole she and she were my owne brother, Vulcan.
If my wife would not loue me must not I loue an other?
Musicke.

A pleasant Comodie

Enter the shewe of Pompey and Cæsar.

Mercury. Pompey and Cæsar, the wonders of their time,
By froward Fortune spoyled in their prime. (content,
Vulcan. They were serued well enough, why could not they be
with a Roche and a red Herring in the holy time of Lent.
Musicke.

Enter the showe of Leander and Hero.

Mercury. Leander presentes them very lothe:
that felte the force of loue and fortune both.
Fortune. Vpon him I my soueraintie did showe,
Venus. And thinke you dame my power she did not knowe.
Fortune. But it was I that dashed their delight,
Venus. After that I had proued my open might.
Vulcan. What a scolding is heere shall it euen thus be?
You loke like an honest man in the Parrishe, I pray you
make them agree.
Iupiter. Content ye both I'le heare no more of this,
and Mercury surcease call out no more:
I haue bethought me how to worke their wishe,
as you haue often prou'd it heertofore.
Heere in this land within that Princely bower,
there is a Prince beloued of his loue:
On whom I meane your soueraintie to proue.
Venus, for that thy loue thy swæt delight,
thou shalt endure to encrease their ioy:
and Fortune thou to manifest thy might,
their pleasures and their pastimes thou shalt destroye.
Ouerthwarting them with newes of freshe anoye.
And she that most can pleate them or displight,
I will confirme to be of greatest might.
Venus. Your Godhead hath deuisde as I desire,
and I am gladly therwithall content:
Fortune. And I am prest to do as you require.

Now

Now shall you see the prose of my entent.
Take vp your places heere to worke your will,
When you haue don the rest I shall fulfill.
They are set a sunning like a Crow in a gutter, what are they gone? Vulcan.
And you will be quiet sirs, they will make ye good sport with their scolding anon.
Are not these a sorte of good mannerly Gods to get them thus away:
I must take the paines to ouertake them for I see they will not stay.

Exit omnes.

The ende of the first Acte.

The second Acte.

Enter Hermione and Fidelia.

Why then my deere what is the greatest price in loue? Hermione.
Absence of others greefs, the gretest ỹ louing harts cã proue. Fidelia.
But absence can not minishe loue or make it lesse in ought: Hermione.
Yet neuertheless it leaues a doubt within ỹ others thought Fidelia.
And what is that? Hermione.
Least change of ayre should change the absent minde, Fidelia.
That fault is proper but to thẽ whom ielousy makes blinde. Hermione.
O pardon it for that the cause from whence it springes is (such, Fidelia.
From whence is that? Hermione.
My mother sayes from louing ouer much. Fidelia.
Your author I will not admit, that restes as it to proue, Hermione.
But sure is it that ielousie, procædes of feruent loue. Fidelia.
Can that be feruent loue wherin suspition leads the minde, Hermione.
Most feruẽt loue wher so much loue doth make ỹ fancy blind Fidelia.
But faithfull loue can neuer be wherin suspect doth dwell, Hermione.
The faithfull louers dow suspect because they loue so well. Fidelia.
My deere Fidelia, as I thinke thy loue is such to me, Hermione.

So feruent, faithfull and vnstain'd, as purer none can be:
Admit occasions fall out then, that I must parte from thee.
tell me wilt thou meane space suspect inconstancie in me.

Fidelia. If so I do impute it to the force of louers lawes,
that oftentimes are toucht with feare, wheras there is no cause.

Armenio listning.

Armenio, What haue I heard? what do mine eyes beholde:
Dishonour to the house from whence I came:
Vnshamefast girle, forgetfull, all to bolde,
and thou false traitour author of the same.
Sufferest not for guerdon of thy due,
the King my Fathers gratious countenance:
But must thou clime vngratefull and vntrue,
these steps, at firste thine honour to aduance.
Hath Fortune promiste so much hope at firste,
to make thy conquest of a Princes childe:
And should I stand to question how thou durst,
to leaue to thinke she might be so beguilde.
But words may not suffice to wreak this wrong,
Hid vnder cloake of ouer handy loue:
thou vpstart fondling and forborne to long,
to giue such cause thy Princes ire to moue.

Fidelia. Nay nay good brothertake it not so whot,
the fault is mine, and I will beare the blame:
And to returne you an answer well I wot,
How to defend the honour of my name.
But for my loue I am resolued in this,
How euer you account of his defaultes.
with vowed affection wholy to be his.
As one in whome I spye more speciall partes,
then fall in fondlings of the baser kindes:
to haue a word not squaring with the place.
But measure men by their vnstained mindes.

Let

Let fortune be to vertue no disgrace,
For fortune when and where it likes her maiestie:
With cloudes can couer birth and highest degree.
What Dame, and are you shameless in your shame: Armenio.
No Mistresse, no, it will not so be let past:
But wilfull Wench this new attempted game,
Care it be wun will aske another cast.
And Lady, cloake his vertues as you will,
Yet le be but as I saide, a fondling still.
Earst had I thought my Lord a man so wise as you, Hermione.
Sonne to a Prince, Scholer to him that depth of learning knewe.
Among many lessons, none this rule could wisely finde,
to haue the gouernement of wrath & rancor of your minde.
What hye offence is giuen vnto your fathers grace:
I take it nothing needfull her to reason of the case.
But stand he lesse content, or pleased here withall, (small.
My Lord, that thus you should mislike the cause is very
The vnremoued loue I beare my Lady here, (deare.
Whose countenance my comfort is: that holdes my loue as
Commaunds me to digest such hard and bitter words,
as not with credit of your state, your honor her affords.
Else Prince perswade thy selfe: my minde were not so base,
to pocket, but for such respectes so hard and foule disgrace.
And this Lady Hermione for ought that men do know,
By birth may be as nobly borne, as prince Armenio.
Traitour thru shalt not ioy that proud comparison, Armenio.
My good Hermione, come hence let him alone. Fidelia.
Nay Dame it likes me not that you should goe, (no. Armenio.
Whether thou wilt Armenio she shall, though thou say Hermione.
What shall she villaine: Armenio.
Helpe, helpe alas. Fidelia.

Enter Phizanties, a Lord, and Penulo.

What sturre is here: what meanes this broyle begun: Phyzan.

Giue me to know the occasion of this strife,
How falles it out? Armenio my Sonne
Hath wound receiu'd by stroke of naked knife,
Say to me straight: what one hath done this deed:
His blowes are big that makes a Prince to bleed.

Fidelia. My soueraigne father, pardon his offence,
whose greefe of minde is greater then his wound:
My rightfull quarrell yeildes me safe defence,
and heere they stand that giltie must be found.

Armenio. Traytor (O king) vnto your Maiesty.
Whose proud attempt doth touch your grace so neere:
as what may be the greatest villanye,
Upon recitall shall be opened heere.
My sister and your farre vnworthy childe,
Forgetting loue and feare of Gods and thee:
and honor of her name is thus beguilde.
To loue this Gentleman whom heere you see.
Hermione whom for a Jewell of some price,
Olde Hermet giue your highnesse long agoe:
and for I gaue rebuke to your deuise,
In gallant thought he would not take it so.
But as it seemes to do my body good,
I thanke him dainde him self to let me blood.

Phyzan. Hermione? and hast thou done this deed?
and couldst thou shrine such treason in thy thought?
Armenio iest not with thy hurt take heed,
and thou fond girle whose stained blood hath wrought,
How hath mine age and honor been abuse:
My princely care Hermione of thee:
the fault so great it cannot be excuse.
and you inforst the shame thereof to see.
But farre we feare some farther ill may fall:
through loue and hate of one and of the other:
Her foolishe loue I meane, and then withall
The hot disdaine and stomacke of her brother,
Hermione, way what our pleasure is.

Whilome

Whilome thou knowest we entertaine thée willingly:
Now seeing thou hast don so farre amisse,
to reach aboue thy reach vnorderly.
In milder wordes because we loue thée well,
Loe, we discharge thee of our princely Court:
thou maist no longer with Fidelia dwell,
Forbidden to her presence to resorte.
Holde my rewarde, that am no bitter Judge,
and wend thy way where ere thou likest to goe:
this only way I take to ende the grudge,
and stop the loue that eache to other owe.
Among such haps as might my minde content,
Wherof the gratious Gods haue giuen me store;
I count this one if thus I might prevent,
the farthest outrage of this swelling sore.
Alas, now haue I liued to long I see, Hermione.
Confounded so to yeld to fortunes will:
My soueraigne Prince offended thus with me,
and I adiudg'd to death though liuing still.
Ah my good Lord whom I haue honoured long,
long may your highnesse ioy this highest place:
thy selfe the roote and cause of mine owne wrong,
But must I leaue to viewe my Ladies face?
And banisht from my Princes royall Court,
to wander as earst the vnhappy Oedipus:
Whose paine my foes will make their cheefest sporte,
My most vnhappy chaunce will haue it thus.
No force forsoth, vnpitied might he dye, Armenio.
that to his soueraigne meanes such villanye.
Such villany? who euer merit more good? Hermione.
The venome of thy villany withstood. Armenio.
Armenio, I forbeare thée heere for reuerence, Hermione.
Yet by my Princes leaue in my defence.
I may alleadge I lou'd thy sister heere,
which loue though I am like to buye full deere.
Yet is her loue more precious then the price:

But

But since hard hap preuents our late deuice.
Long liue my Lord, long liue my Ladies grace,
God send them frends as loyall in my place.
And trust me then their fortune shalbe such,
as not thy loue shall euer proue so much.

Phyzan. Hermione, giue me thy hand, adewe,
think this is don to auoide a further ill,
and double mischeife that might else insue,
For my sake cease to loue Fidelia still.
Unequall loue is enemie to rest,
She is too yong to loue thee as she should:
and thou Hermione canst conceiue the rest,
My meaning is she loues not as we would.
time may afford to bothe your hartes desires:
New choice to cole these newly kindled fiers.

Fidelia. Neuer alas, neuer will be the day,
that I shall leaue to loue Hermione:
Sooner shall natures course quite altered be,
then I shall leaue deere Knight to honor thee.
God Father let him stay, who if he parte,
Gainst law is like to steale away my hart.

Armenio. May it please your grace to keepe the body heere,
It's like enough the hart will honor neere.

Hermione. My Lord, laugh not oppressed soules to scorne,
Losers they say may easily be forborne.

Phyzan. Forbeare these words and thou Fidelia,
these misbeseeming foolishe passions stay.
Let it suffise that thou shalt liue in Courte,
Where if among the iolly braue resorte.
Of sundry knightes of noble personage,
Worthy thy loue for giftes and parentage.
thou shalt espye some such as we do like,
Our fauours shall not be to farre to seeke.

Fidelia. Ah my Hermione.

Hermione. Sweet Lady mine farwell.
Farwell the curteoust Dame that on the earth doth dwell.

Exit.

Sir

Sir now you are packing let me know your walke: Armenio.
For I haue that may not be past without some talke.
Nor stands it with mine honour to let thee beare it clere:
But I will make thee know Armenios blod is deare.
My Lord, I make no chalenge with offence, Hermione.
But first I will prepare for my defence.
So sir, you are aforehand, kepe you so: Armenio.
and recken of Armenio for thy vowed foe.
Goe wend thy wayes, obscurer then the night:
and Fortune for reuenge plague thee with spite.
Exit.

Farwell my cruell foe, not thou, nor Fortune may, Hermione.
ad more vnto thy miseries that I haue felt to day.
Nor but by safe restorde vnto this happy place,
Can Gods or Fortune make amends in this distressed case.
Then cease Hermione to vtter speach of this,
Words not suffise this endlesse woe, but death I wisse.
and part thou from the place a dead and liueless man,
Robd of thy sences and thy ioy, since first this stur began.
Ah my good Lord, my good Lord Hermione. Penulo.
I am indeed as thou dost say Hermione. Hermione.
For that I am Hermione, I am
the vnhappiest wight that euer hether came.
Ah my good Lord, would Gods pore Penulo, Penulo.
Might any way but mitigate this woe.
and pleaseth it your honour to commaund,
My seruice or the helpe of head or hand.
Penulo my worthy Lord would proue as iust,
as he whom best your honour likes to trust.
Say what it is wherin my secresie,
May ayde your Lordship in this extremetie.
Penulo, since thou so frendly here dost proffer me, Hermione.
the vttermost of ayde that lyes in thee,
I do remember that which brought to passe,
Would make me halfe so happie as I was.

Penulo. Say it my Lord, and constantly I vow it:
It shall goe hard but Penulo will dow it.

Hermione. Gramercy gentle freend: then thus it is,
The Lady of my life Fidelia is.
Of whome I am, I knowe belou'd no lesse,
then she of me my gratious mistresse.
Seuerde by Fortune and our cruell foe,
My Lord her brother Prince Ammenio.
Now couldst thou Penulo thy selfe behaue,
On trust to bring my Lady to the caue.
Where whilome louers we were wont to mæte,
in secret sorte eche other for to græte.
She wots it well and euery corner knowes,
and euery vncouth step that thether goes.
For what is not sharpe sighted louers see,
this is the summe of my desire to thee.
Accomplishe this, and this in silence down,
My happinesse wilbe againe begun.

Penulo. My Lord I sæ wherunto this talke dowth tend,
I haue this lesson at my fingers end.
No more a dow: betake you to your flight,
wæ'le make a plaister for the sore eare night.
But such a one as if it be applied,
Shall dow more græfe then ease when it is tried.

Hermione. Pennlo I yæld my life into thy handes,
Penulo. Ye, dow sir, as now the matter standes.
Hermione. Holde Penulo and I will loke for thæ.
Penulo. You will not loke for them that come with me.
Hermione. I will be gone and liue to sæ my dære.
Exit.

Penulo. Dow so sir and perchaunce be neuer the nære.
This is a step that strite we vse to clime,
We that forsoth take holde on euery time:
Men of all howers, whose credit such as spites,
in heate forsoth hath calde vs Parasites.

But

But let them spite and we will bite as fast,
But Penulo thou spendest wordes in waste.
A sole Hermione, that for hurting thee,
One slender trust will giue a knaue his fée.

Exit.

Strike vp Fortunes triumphes with Drummes and Trumpets.

Fortune.

Beholde what Fortune if she list can do,
High mastris of the rowling whæle of chaunce:
to ouerturne and who can do therto,
Or gratiously when please her to aduance.
Loe Lordinges this is Fortunes Imperie,
as in her pleasure to be changing still:
Yerin consisteth Fortunes soueraintie,
that Fortune can on earth do what she will.
When men haue builded on the surest grounds,
their strong deuises Fortunes power confoundes.

Venus.

Not all in hasse you do not so intend,
You haue begun but I must make an end.

The thirde Acte.

Enter *Bomelio* solus like an Hermite.

Ye that hath lost his hope and yet desires to liue, *Bomelio.*
Ye that is ouerwhelmde with woe, and yet would counsell
Ye that delightes to sigh to walke abroad alone, (giue.
to driue away the weary time with his lamenting mone.
Ye that in his distresse dispaireth or releefe,
Let him begin to tell his tale to rip vp all his greefe.

And if that wretched man can more then I recite,
Of fickle Fortunes froward checke and her continuall spite.
Of her vnconstant change, of her discurtesie,
I will be partner with that man to liue in miserie.
When first my flowring yéeres began to bud their prime,
Euen in the Aprill of mine age, and May month of my time
When like the tender Kid new weaned from the teat:
In euery plesant springing Mead, I tok my choice of meat.
When simple youth deuis'd to lengthen his delight:
Euen then not dreaming I on her, she poured out her spite.
Euen then she toke her Keye, and turned all her stringes,
to sing my woe, list Lordinges now my tragedie begins.
Beholde me wretched man that seru'd his Prince w̄ paine,
that in the honor of his praise estœmde my greatest gaine.
Beholde me wretched man that for his publike weale,
Refused not with thousand foes, in blody warres to deale.
Beholde me wretched man, whose trauell paine and toyle:
was euer prest to saue my frends from force of forrain spoile.
And see my iust reward, looke on my recompence: (thence.
Beholde by this for labours past, what guerdon commeth
Not by my fearcest foes in doubtfull fight with vs,
But by my fawning frœndes, I was confounded thus.
One word of his dispite in question calde my name,
two wordes of his vntrusty tung brought me to open shame
Then was I banished the Citie, Court and towne:
then euery hand that held me vp, began to pull me downe.
O that the righteous Gods should euer graunt the power,
that smoothest sandes and grœnest bogs, should soonest me
Yet that I might discry the better their deuise, (deuoure.
Yeer haue I liu'd almost fiue yéeres disguisde in secret wise.
And now somewhat it is but what I cannot tell. (sell.
prouokes me forward more thē wont to leaue my darksome
And in my crooked age in stéed of mirth and ioy,
with broken sighes in dolefull tunes to sing of mine annoy.

Song.

Goe walke the path of plaint, goe wander wretched now,

In

In vncouth waies, blind corners fit for such a wretch as thou.
there feede vpon thy woe, fresh thoughts shalbe thy fare,
Musing shalbe thy waiting maide, thy caruer shalbe care.
thy dainty dishe shalbe of fretting melancholie,
and broken sobs with hollow sighes thy sauery sauce shalbe.
But further ere I walke my seruant I will send,
Into the towne to buy such thinges as now he can intend.
What Lentulo. Lentulo within.
Anon forsooth. Lentulo.
What Lentulo come forth. *Bomelio.*
Anon forsooth. Lentulo.
Why when I say. *Bomelio.*
Anon forsooth. Lentulo.
You naughty loute, come out sir knaue, come away. *Bomelio.*
Will you not giue one leaue to pull down his points, what and a should his breeches bezay? Lentulo.
Get you to the market and buy such thinges as needfull are for vs. *Bomelio.*
Such things as needfull are for vs, & what are those I pray? Lentulo.
First there is needfull for vs a pot of porredg, for I had none this many a day:
And then there are needfull for vs a featherbed, for I lye on a bottle of haye.
And then there is most needfull for vs a prittie proper wench for and to laugh and play.
Goe buy vs some victuailes and hye thee home. *Bomelio.*
Exit.

Now farwell Maister mine good gentle master mome. Lentulo.
Haue you seene such a logger headded fole to say,
Goe goe, good Lentulo, to buy my victuailes so, and giue me monie no.
But for the names sake, swoundes I were as good serue a maister of clowtes:
He'le do nothing all day long but sit on his arse, as my mother did when she made powtes.

And then a lookes a this fashion, and thus and thus againe, and then what do ye?
By my troth I stand euen thus at him and laugh at his simplisme tie.
Hath the best manners in the world to bid a man fall to his meat,
And then I say, I thank you forsoth maister and I could tell what to eate.
We two, looke you thats I and he, can lye a bed a whole night and a day:
And we eate and we had it, it battons a man looke on my chœkes els, are they not falne away?
Well, I must togge to the towne, and Ile tell you what shift I make there:
Mary ye shall promise me not to steale it away.
When I come to a rich mans gate, I make a low legge and then I knocke there.
And then I begin to crye in at the keye hole, that I may be sure they shall heare.
God saue my good maister and my good mistresse, a poore boy a peece of bread and meate for Gods sake.

Enter Penulo.

Penulo. Heigh merely tricke, am I not a knaue for the nonce,
That can dispatch two arrandes at once?
I haue both tolde her euen as I should do,
And tolde my yong maister to meete with him too.
Now he like a Gentleman for the vallour of his minde,
Hath sworne by his honour not to stay long behinde.
The desire of reuenge pricketh him forward so,
That I am sure heele not let but to goe.
And that with all haste possible he may:
Then tantara tara we shall haue good play.
I like such a knaue so can tickle them all,
To set noble men at brabble and braule.

Lentulo. Saue you sir yong maister and you be a gentleman,

Yorson

Horeson pesant sæst thou not what I am? Penulo.
Troth sir I sæ you haue a good dublet and a paire of hose Lentulo.
But now a dayes there is so many goes
So like Gentlemen, that such a poze fellow as I,
Know not how a Gentleman from a knaue to spye.
Thou maist perceiue I am no such companion. Penulo.
I am a Gentleman, a Courtier, and a merry franke franion.
Then thou merry companion, thou horson franke fra- Lentulo.
Why hast thou abused the law: (mion.
What goodman skipiack, in faith with thwick thwack your
bones will I clawe.
Come about sir knaue.
Cots my passion what a merry mate haue we hære? Penulo.
Giue me your hand sir, faith I was bolde to bzushe the Lentulo.
dust out of your gære.
Pzay sir tell me, they say in the Cuntry tis a common guise
That Gentlemen now a dates cannot sæ with both eyes.
Its a lye knaue, I knowe few Gentlemen blinde: Penulo.
No sir what will you lay and I can finde, Lentulo.
One with a wet finger that is starke blinde.
It may be so, but I thinke thou canst not, Penulo.
You will lay do wager on it. Lentulo.
What should I lay, Penulo.
Thou hast no monye I am sure to pay.
No faith sir, but Ile tell you what our wager shalbe, Lentulo
Because I am not able to lay any monye. (hære
Ile lay thzee round rappes on the ribbes with my cudgell
Soft, let me loke first if there be no blinde man nære. Penulo.
Content I faith that bargaine shall stand: (hand.
Then sir I must be so bolde as to search your purse out of Lentulo.
My purse sir wherfoze? Penulo.
By my troth sir no moze but to trie, Lentulo.
if you be not as blinde a Gentleman in the purse as I.
I vse not to carry my monye in a purse, Penulo.
All in a pocket, well neuer a whit the woze.
I must search your pocket. Lentulo.

What

Penulo. What if it be els where?
Lentulo. Where soeuer it is I must seeke out this geere.
Ile not lose my wager that's certaine:
Very well sir will you put me to paine.
Penulo. Haue I neuer a weapon, Ile looke, I pray thee be content
Lentulo. You shall haue your wager sir as it was ment.
Penulo. Holde thy hands good fellow? I'le do any thing for thee:
I perceiue a wise man of a fole ouertaken may be. (sitie,
Lentulo. Thou blinde Gentleman, vnlesse it be for my commodio-
Ile teach thee to be blinde and goe so brauely.
Penulo. Ile do any thing for thee if thou strike me no more,
Because I perceiue thou art almost as poore.
As my selfe am and yet there is somewhat in thee,
Ile preferre thee to a seruice in the Court presently.
Lentulo. Ha wilt thou do so?
Penulo. That I will.
Lentulo. Wilt thou do so indeed,
Sweare to me by thy ten commaundements in thy Creed.
Penulo. I do so.
Lentulo. Troth then we are freendes, say nothing I pray:
and you shall see me proue a ranke runaway.
Why when a man may be a Courtier and liue at ease,
Should a not leaue his olde maister to please.
Sirra blinde gentleman we two blinde gentlemen, and do
as thou promiste here,
Perchaunce I may be as good to thee as two pots of Beere.
Ile goe with thee I faith gaw lets be gone,
Penulo. Soft tarry a while I'le goe with thee anon.

Enter Armenio.

Armenio. How thinkest thou Penulo, am I not prouided now?
Lentulo. I warrant sir a shall haue a colde pull of you.
And a begin to make an other brall,
Armenio, Farewell when thou wilt, I trust I shall
Mete with him: am I not almost at the tree,

that

That same is it sir. Penulo.
Sirra whats he? Lentulo.
What carst thou come gaw thou with me, Penulo.
Why I shall haue but an ill fauoured Courtier of yé.
Now for a runaway God send vs good chaunce, Lentulo.
Then maides at your mariage I meane me to daunce.
Exit.

Now serues the time to wreak me of my foe, Armenio.
My dastard foe that to dishonour me:
in priuie corners sekes to shame me so,
that my discredit might his credit be.
And hath my father from thy tender youth,
Vouchsafe to bring thé vp? did I therfore
Beleeue so earnestly thy periurde trueth,
aduauncing still thine honour euermore.
That not contented with a common wrack,
thou shouldst intend the ruine of vs all:
And when thou seem'st afraide to turne thy back,
to make a glory of our greater fall.
Before thou triumphe in thy trechery,
Before thou scape vntouched for thy sinne:
Let neuer fates nor Fortune fauour me,
But wretched let me liue and dye therin.
Fewe words shall serue, my dedes shall proue it now:
What ere I seeme I meane to mete with you.

Enter Fidelia.

Beholde the shiftes that faithfull loue can make, Fidelia.
See what I dare aduenture for thy sake:
In case extreame make vertue of a nede,
But hence the greefe which maketh my hart to bleede.
My loue and life where euer that thou be,
I am in dole constrainde to followe thee.
Hence sprung the hell of my tormented minde,

The feare of some misfortune yet behinde.
If thou escape the perrill of distresse,
My feare and care is twenty times more lesse.
No reason tis that I should liue in ioy,
When thou art wrapt in fetters of annoy.
Nor to that end I sware to be thy wife,
To liue in peace with thee and state of life.
But as to dwell at ease in pleasures lap,
Euen so to beare some parte of thy mishap.
And so to draw in equall portion still,
Of both our Fortunes either good or ill.
And sith the lots of our vnconstant fate,
Haue turnde our former blisse to wretched state,
I am content to tread the wofull daunce,
That soundes the measure of our hapless chaunce.
Ile waite thy comming, long thou wilt not stay,
Hye loue defend and keepe thee in the way.

Enter Bomelio.

Bomelio. Now weary lay thee downe, thy fortune to fulfill,
Goe yeld thee captiue to thy care to saue thy life or spill.
The pleasures of the feelde the prospect of delight,
The blooming trees, the chirping birdes are greeuous to thy sight.
The hollow craggy rocke the shriking Owle to see,
To heare the noyse of serpentes hisse that is thy hermony.
For as vnto the sicke all pleasure is in vaine,
So mirth vnto the wounded minde, encreaseth but his paine.
But heauens what do I see? thou Nymphe or Lady faire,
Or else thou goddes of the grone, what makst thee to repaire.
To this vnhaunted place thy presence heere vnfit,
Fidelia. Ancient father let it not offend thee any whit.
To finde me heere alone I am no Goddesse I,
But a mortall maide subiect to miserie.
And better that I might lament my heauy mone,

I ſecret came abꝛoad to recreate my ſelfe a while alone.
Take comfoꝛt daughter mine foꝛ thou haſt found him thã *Bomelio.*
That is of others all that liue, the moſt accurſedſt man.
O, I haue heard it ſaide our ſoꝛrowes are the leſſe,
If in our anguiſh we may finde a partner in diſtreſſe.
O father but my greefe releeued cannot be, Fidelia.
My hope is fled, my help in vaine, my hurt my death muſt be
Yet not the common death of life that heere is led:
But ſuch a death as euer kilies, and yet is neuer dead.
Faire maide, I haue been well acquainted with that fit, *Bomelio,*
Sometime inured with the like, I learne to comfoꝛt it.
Come reſt thee heere with me within this hollow caue.
There will I reckon vp at large the hoꝛꝛoꝛs that I haue.
I thank you father but I muſt needs walk another way, Fidelia.
Nay gentle damſell be content a while with me to ſtay. Bomelio.
The longer that I ſtay with you, the greater is my greef. Fidelia.
The longer that you ſtay with me, the ſoner is releaſe. *Bomelio.*
I am pꝛouided other waies, good father let me goe, Fidelia.
To him that offreth thee no wꝛong, be not vncurteous ſo. *Bomelio.*
Perhaps another time ile come and viſit thee, (be. Fidelia.
Both then & now if ſo you pleaſe you ſhall right welcome *Bomelio.*
Shall ſhe be welcome vnto thee olde wꝛetch indeed, Armenio.
Ile welcome both of you come maid away with ſpeed.
O bꝛother: Fidelia.
Bꝛother peace. Armenio,
God father helpe me now. Fidelia.
Haue I no weapons wꝛetch that I am: well youth, Ile Bomelio.
meete with you.
Muſt you be gone: is this your meeting place: Armenio.
Come get you home and pack you ſir apace.
Weart not foꝛ reuerence of thine age I ſweare,
Thou ſhouldſt accurſe the time I met thee heere.
But I faith ſiſter my Father ſhall welcome you,
Goe tell thine arrand if thou canſt. *Bomelio.*
Hermione adewe. Fidelia
Ten times adewe, farwell foꝛ euer now.

Armenio. I thanke thée Fortune that thou didst this deed allowe.

Exit.

Bomelio. Thou Heauen and Earth, and ye eternall lampes,
That restles keepe his course in order due:
Thou Phœbo bright that scatterest the damps,
Of darksome night, I make my plaints to you.
And thou Alecto harken to my call,
Let fall a Serpent from thy Snakye haire:
Tisiphone, be swift to plague them all,
That make a pastime of my care and feare.
And thou O Ioue, that by thy great foresight,
Rulest the earth, and raignst aboue the Skies:
That wreakst the wronges of them that maister right,
Against the wretches that thy name despise.
And Rodomantes, thou Judge of hatefull hell,
Where damned ghostes continuall moning make:
Send forth a fury that may further well,
the iust reuenge that héere I vndertake.
Hence forth accursed be thou euermore,
Accursed all thou tak'st in hand to dw:
The time, the day, accursed be the hower,
the earth, the ayre, and all that long theretw.
Dole and dispaire henceforth be thy delight,
Wrapped now in present, and in woes to come:
To waile the day and wéepe the weary night,
And from this time henceforth I strike thée dumme.
Think'st thou I knew thée not, yes well I wis,
And that thy sister daughter to my Prince:
Now brag abroad what thou hast got by this,
So liue thou dumme, that be thy recompence.
And when thy ghost forsakes thy body quite:
Vengeance I wishe vpon thy soule to light.

Enter Hermione.

God

God euen good Father, pardon my rudenes héere: Hermione.
O ioy and gréefe I will dissemble yet my cheare. *Bomelio*,
God sir me thought I heard you speak of one right now Hermione,
Daughter vnto a Prince that made me bold to trouble you
I spake of such a one in déed. Bomelio.
Why do you knowe her name? Hermione.
Fidelia. Why do you aske? what do you know the same? *Bomelio*.
Yea father that I do, I know, and knew her well, (tell. Hermione.
But did you wish those plagues to light on her I pray you
On her the Gods forbid, but on that wretched wight, *Bomelio*.
Her brother that from hence right now perforce conuayde
her quite.
Alas what do I heare, good father tell me true. Hermione.
Hath she béene héere?
She was. *Bomelio*.
She was? Hermione
Where is she now?
Gone back againe. *Bomelio*.
Gone back: with whome? Hermione
Her brother. *Bomelio*.
Her brother: how? Hermione.
Ye secret watched héere, and when she should haue staide Bomelio.
A while with me, he rushed out, and her from hence conuaid.
Confounded in my gréefe and can it suffred be? Hermione.
And shall he make a brag at home of his dispite to me?
First let me dye a thousand deaths, draw, runne and méete
with him, (win.
Tarry my Sonne it is in vaine they are not at home I Bomelio.
Let him alone, he wil not make great reckning of his gaine,
Wretch that thou art for lingering euerlasting shalbe thy Hermione.
paine.
Continuall thy complaint, ay during still thy woe: (knowe.
Why madst thou not more haste to come and first of all to
Content thy self my sonne, torment not so thy minde: *Bomelio*.
Allwage the sorrowes of thy hart in hope some help to finde.
Some helpe, O Father, no all helpe comes too late, Hermione.

I am the only man aliue the most vnfortunate.
I sæ thy loyaltie, I sæ thy faithfull loue,
Els neuer durst thou this attempte aduentured to proue.

Bomelio. Take comfort therby my sonne.

Hermione. I am the man I say,
That loue and Fortune once aduaunst, but now haue cast away.
The ioy, the swæt delight, the rest I had before, (more.
Fell to my lot, that now the losse, my plague might be the
O Fortune froward dame, wilt thou be neuer sure,
Most constant in vnconstancie, I sæ thou wilt indure.

Bomelio. Accuse not Fortune sonne, but blame thy loue therfore,
For I perceiue thou art in loue and thē thy trouble is more.

Hermione. Father if this be loue to lead a life in thrall,
To think the rankest poyson swæt to fæd on hunny gall.
To be at warre and peace, to be in ioy and græfe,
then farthest from the hope of helpe, where nærest is relæfe,
To liue and dye, to fræse and sweat, to melt & not to moue,
if it be this to liue in loue; father I am in loue.

Bomelio. Why did you not possesse your Lady then at home,

Hermione. At home, where is it sir? alas for I haue none.
Brought vp I know not how and borne I know not where,
when I was in my childehood giuen vnto my Prince then
Of whom I can not tell, wherfore I little know, (hære.
But now cast out to sæke my fate vnhappy where I goe.
There dare I not be sæne, hære must I not abide.
Did euer more calameties vnto a man betide:

Bomelio. My hart will burst if I forbeare amidst this misery,
Beholde thy father thou hast found my sonne Hermione.
Thy father thou hast found, thy father I am he,

Hermione. But is it possible my father you should be.

Bomelio. Euen from my first exile hære haue I liu'd forlorne,
And once I gaue thæ to my prince, for thou was noble born,
And now he giues me thee, and welcome home againe,

Hermione. This is my recompence for all my former paine.
Deere father glad I am to finde you hære aliue,

By

By your example I may learne wᵗ frowardꝺ chance to ſtriue.
Come ſonne, content thee now, within a caue to dwell, Pomelio.
I will prouide foꝛ thy reꝺreſſe, and all thinges ſhalbe well.
A darkſome den muſt be thy lofty lodging now,
Father I am well content to take ſuch parte as you. Hermione.
Here is a breathing pit after hard miſchance,
O gratious Venus once vouchſafe thy ſeruants to aduance.

Strike vp a noiſe of Viols, Venus triumphe.

Beholde what loue can woꝛk foꝛ their delight, Venus.
That put affiance in her Deitie:
Though heauen and earth againſt them bend their might,
Yet in the end theirs is the victoꝛie.
I will in them and they triumphe in me,
Let Foꝛtune frowne I will vpholde their ſtate,
Yea ſeeme they neuer ſo vnfoꝛtunate.
Brag not too much, what thinkſt thou I haue don: Fortune.
Nay ſoft not yet, my ſpoꝛt is not begun.

Muſicke. Muſick.

The fourth Acte.

Enter Penulo and Lentulo.

Come away with thy baſket thou loggerheaꝺꝺed iacke, Penulo.
I thinke thy baſket be clouen to thy back.
My backe and my baſket, loke dooſt thou not ſee, (me. Lentulo.
When my baſket is on my backe then my backe is vnder
And oh this baſket, wots thou wherfoꝛe I keepe it ſo cloſe,
Foꝛ all the loue of my hart within this baſket goes.
Thy loue with a wannion: are you in loue ſir then with Penulo.
your leaue: (ceiue:
What an aſſe art thou, couldſt thou not all this time per- Lentulo.

That

That I neuer slæp but when I am not awake,
And I eate and I eate till my belly would ake.
And I fall away like a gammon of Bacon,
Am I not in loue when I am in this taconr
Call'st thou this the Court, would I had nere come thether,
to be caught in Cupido, I faint I faint, oh gather me gather

Penolo. Come vp and be hangde, alack poze Lentulo,
Tell me with whome thou art in loue so.

Lentulo. You kill me and you make me tell her name, no no,
Oh terrible tozmentes that trounce in my toe.
Loue my Maisters is a parlous matter, how it runnes out of my nose,
Its now in my back, now in my belly, oh now in the bottome of my hose.

Penulo. The pestilence there, what is she my boyr
ile make her loue thæ againe be she neuer so coye.

Lentulo. Wilt thou sozoh Gods of loue that wozd pluckes vp my (hart,
Ile tell thæ sirra euen as we two at ỹ Court gate did wait
Didst thou not marke a godly Lady, oh Lady, Lady,
why should not I as well as he, my deare Lady.
Didst thou not sæ her come in with a golden locke,
She had a fine gown on her back and a passing netherstock.

Penulo. Well sir proceed, I remember her very well,
its the Dukes daughter the sot meanes I can tell.

Lentulo. Now sirra there was a little dappard asse with her that went before,
When I saw him I came in sneaking moze and moze.
To haue heard them talke, ah crocking on is good,
Foz when he had talkt a while I had a come in, with I forsoth no forsoth that I wood.
And she would haue lokte vpon me then moze quaintaunce we should haue:

Penulo. An excellent deuise, ah sirra you are an excellent knaue.

Lentulo. Tu autem tum autem, I haue it in me, but sirra wots thou what now?
As god iuggle me when I came nære them I tell thæ true:

The

The same squall did nothing but thus, I know whats what
And I ran before him and did thus too.
A pox on you what ment you by that? Penulo.
What meane I, mary sir he ment to giue her a box on the eare if she spake to me, Lentulo.
And I ment to giue him another box on the eare sir he should (see.
You should haue bestow'd it where you ment it then, Penulo.
Must you strike me and meane other men,
It was nothing fellowe but for samples sake, Lentulo.
Well sir I am content this once it to take. Penulo.
But sirra, you must know that squall is the Dukes sonne,
That now by mischaunce is stroken starke dum.
In fetching home his sister that ran away from hence:
Is she then a runaway oh passing wench. Lentulo.
I thought as much, now good Lord to see,
That she and I now a kin should be.
Oh cuckally lucke, oh heauy chaunce ho:
I runaway, she runaway, goe together goe.
But all the Court lamentes and sore weepes for it: Pennulo
All the Court thou liest ỹ Court gate weepes not a whit. Lentulo.

Enter Bomelio like a counterfeite phisition.

Bien veneu chi diue ve mi nou intendite signeur no. Bomelio.
I haue a peece of worke in hand now that all the world must not know.
Cocks nownes the deuill a gods name whats he: Lentulo.
Some Spaniard or forraine stranger he seemes to be. Penulo.
Dio von salui signiore, e voutre gratio, d.uero mouchato. Bomelio.
I haue no pleasure in thee I pray thee get thee gon. Lentulo.
What would you sir? Penulo.
Mounsieur, par ma foy am one haue de grand knowledg in de skience of fiskicke, Bomelio.
Can make dem hole haue ben all life sicke.
Can make te seco se, and te dum sprake:
Can make te lame goe and be neare so weake.

Penulo. Can you so sir, what Cuntry man are you I pray?
Bomelio. Ye be Italiane neopolitane, ye come a Uedice a toder daye,
Lentulo. And you can speak any Pedlers French tell me what I say.
Bomelio. No point intende Signioza.
Lentulo. You are an Asse: I can spose him I,
Bomelio. Mounsieur, parle petite ye heard now hærby.
Deere be a nobell man dum, dat made me stay:
If me no helpe him me carry no head away.
Penulo. Will you venture your head to helpe him indéed:
Well sir, Ile tell the Duke with all possible spéed.
Tarry me hére Ile returne by and by,
Excellent luck, it fals out happely.
Exit.

Lentulo. Will you venture your head sirra blockhead you:
Bomelio. You be de asse head me can tell dats true.
Lentulo. Swoundes, oh but that I am in loue thou shouldst know
What twere to moue my vengeance so.
Bomelio. Come heter sirra, me speak wit you, me can tell,
You are de runaway from your matter, ah very well.
Lentulo. You gods and deuils eke what do you meane to do,
Shall I be knowne a runaway, for and to shame me too,
I a runaway sirra, goe with your vplandishe goe,
I am no runaway I would you should know.
Bomelio. You no runaway from your mater in de wood,
When he send you to market ah no point good.
Lentulo. Oh furies fell, and hagges of hell, with all that therin be,
What do ye mean to shame me clean, I tell him thus of me.
Heare you sirra you are no deuill, mas and I wist you were,
I would lamback the deuill out of you for all your geare.
Bomelio. Diauolo, ah fie fie me no diauolo me very fury,
Letta me sée your basket what meat you buye.
Lentulo. Loke in my basket, oh villen rascall tarry, stay,
Hath opened it: out alas my loue is quite flowne away.
My loue is gone, my loue is gone out of the basket there,
Prepare therfore to kil thy self, farwell my frendes so déere.

Ah

Ah fatta you dœ man. Bomelio.
Vplandiſhe hence away, Lentulo.
Fatta you dœ man, no point your ſelfe to ſlay. Bomelio,
Come de be hanga.
Alas, oh my necke alas. Lentulo.
(euer was.
Oh frying pan of my head vplandiſh now, cham wœrſe then
Adewe farwell, farwell my loue.
Your loue: if you be in loue den dœ as I bid dœ, Bomelio.
And you ſaue your loue away wit you tœ.
Vplandiſh oh my frœnd if thou dœ ſo for me, Lentulo.
Hold hœr my hand, thy fellow frœnd and partner will I be.
Goe you ten and getta me ſome fine fine fine coloſſe, Bomelio.
And wit te Marigole leaue all to mus your noſe.
Ah my noſe my noſe, oh God is my noſe in my hand, Lentulo.
Vplandiſh leaue your ſignes without thē I can vnderſtand.
And come a me heter wit a gold ring in your mouth faſt, Bomelio.
Ee make de Lady goe wit you weter liſt at laſt.
O let me bræce thy curſed cœrpes, oh now I liue againe, Lentulo
I will goe get apparell ſtraight, although be to my paine.
Tis th'apparell, a Marigole and a ring,
Noting els, and you tem bring. Bomelio.
Bring them, yes I warrant thœ, ile bring thē by and by, Lentulo.
Now good man Venus lend thy hand, and lady Vulcan hye.

Exit.

A good beginning I am not yet diſcride, Bomelio.
They know not me but I know them tœ well:
Diſguiſed thus their counſells may be tride,
And I may ſafe returne vnto my ſell.
Where I haue left my ſolitarye Sonne,
Twixt hope and feare in doubt and danger tœ:
Till I returne to tell him what is dœn,
which for his ſake I haue deuiſde to dœ.
Eternall Gods that know my true intent,
And how vniuſtly wrœnged I haue bœn:
Vouchſafe all ſecret dangers to prœuent,

And further me as yet you dw begin,
Suffiseth you my trauell heretofore,
My hunger, colde, and all my former paine,
Here make an end and plague me now no more.
Contented then, at rest I will remaine:
But harke some comes dissemble then againe.

Enter the Duke, his Sonne, and Penulo.

Penulo. My Lord yon is the man whom I haue tolde to you.
Duke. My frend I am infourm'd that by thy worthy skill,
In Physick thou art able to recouer at thy will.
The strangest cures that be: if this be true indeed,
As graunt the Gods it may, I pray thee then with speed.
Prouide for our release, recouer this my sonne:
Unto his speech, whom here thou sest before vs to be dum.
Bomelio. You no take care vor dat me nobell Prence,
Me make him speak againe, or me nere come hence.
Duke. Thrice welcome thē to vs dispatch it out of hand, (land.
And thou shalt blesse the time that ere thou cam'st vnto our
Bomelio. Letta me se him, you heare me:
Ah dat vel turne heter, no like it truely.
Penulo. By the masse this Physick is an excellent arte,
It pickes such a deale of golde out of euery parte.
Bomelio. Well bell, me now se vat dis matter meane,
Nobell Prence dis ting be done by Maghick cleane.
Tis true dat me tell, me perceiue it plaine,
No naturall pediment, but cunshering certaine.
Duke. Oh dubble trebble woe, my sonne how commeth this?
He saith by Magick it is wrought, vnnaturall it is.
Dost thou remember ought that so it should appere?
Or canst thou any reason make it should be true we heare?
What meanes he by these signes can any one expresse,
Penulo. If you giue me leaue sir to say as I gesse.
Me thinkes he should meane there was some olde man,
That threatned to be reuenged on him than.

Tis

Tis so you may see. he confirmes it againe:
Condemned be that man to euerlasting paine. Duke.
Perpetuall his annoy, continuall his vnrest:
O that I had him here to plague as I thought best.
But learned sir, is there no way is there no remedy:
Can there be found out no deuise, the Charme to mollefie.
God sir, if any thing what euer that it be:
Let spare no cost, my will is such I will allowe it thée.
Indéd and by my trot, dar is othing. *Bomelio.*
But me am vera lote de same to bring.
Yit wit out dat me am seawer me tell,
Your sonne againe be neuer moze well.
God father tell it me, what euer should befall, Duke.
Mine be the danger, mine the losse, you shalbe pleased foz al.
In any case expresse it then.
Fat then me will. *Bomelio.*
If you no haue your sonne be so dum still,
You musse getta de grand enemy dat he now haue,
and in de tenderest part his dærest blod craue.
Der wit musse you wash his tung a string,
Noting but dat will his speach bring.
The dærest blod in the tenderest parte, Duke.
Of his great enemy, oh græfe to my hart.
Will nothing else cure his disease,
Noting by my trot but do as you please. (pose, *Bomelio.*
Thy sonne, my wretched sonne, and whom dost thou sup= Duke.
Thy greatest enemy amongst thy Fathers foes.
It is Hermione, tis he and none but he:
He hath now prou'd him selfe indéd thy greatest enemie.
Where liues the wretch: that he were tane and we reuenged
And must his dærest blod in his tenderest parte, (be. *Penulo.*
Helpe him to his spéech. thats an excellent arte.
But what parte is that my maisters now about a man,
That is the tenderest, gesse it and ye can.
I can tell what parte a woman thinkes tenderest to be,
and there is dære blod in it, but benedicitie.

And dœ you think sir there is none but he,
That can be thought his greatest enemie?
I haue heard it saide there is no hate,
Like to a brother or a sisters if they fall at debate.
I will not say but you may think it as well as I,
If you marke since her comming home his sisters crueltie.
And the continuall rancor she beareth vnto him:

Bomelio. Is ten maide his sisser, be Got den he say tim.
Bin mine fat and trot ser, tis true dat he say,
His sisser be his greatest enemy to day.

Duke. And must I kill my daughter to help my sonne to spæche,
Ile neuer dœ it.

Penulo. Sœ how a doth beseech.
I would all our beggers were of his qualitie,
They should not brall with a man then so for his monye.

Bomelio. You kill your Daughter sie no point suo,
Her dœrest blood in tenderest part me will showe.
Tis in her pappes, her dugges vor der be de tenderest parte,
And de blod de dœrest, it comes from de hart.
So shabe prickt a little vnder de brest,
And wash his tunga he speak wit de best.

Duke. This thing is somwhat easier if she consent therto.
If not, I can inforce and make her it to dœ.
Penulo, dispatch, and to my Marshall beare,
This Sinet for a token, that he send her to vs hœre.

Penulo. I will my Lord.

Exit.

Duke. He that hath felt the zeale, the tender loue and care,
The feare the græf that parents dœr vnto their children bare
He may, and only he conceiue mine inward woe,
Distracted thus twirte two extreames that hale me to & fro,
Sometime mistrusting that, and then misliking this:
Haue parents such a cause of ioy, or is it such a blisse.
To sœ the offspring of their fled in health before them now,
O little know they what mishap awaites the death for you.

But

But ſonne, my déereſt ſonne, recomfo᷑t thou thy minde,
Fight againſt fo᷑tune and thy fates, when they be moſt vn-
And ſince I vnderſtand what may recouer thée, (kinde,
Make ſure account of it: my ſelfe will do᷑ it p᷑eſently.
But ſir, I p᷑ay you leaſt my daughter ſhould by feare,
Do᷑ ſlight of it be ſo᷑e abaſht, be alwaies ready héere.
To ſtench her wound when you ſée good,
Awe awe ſhe loſe but a little blood. Bomelio.
Two o᷑ trée ounces ſha be de very moſt.
Yonder ſhe come, is no ſhe?
The ſame is ſhe. Duke.

Enter Fidelia with Penulo.

Father, they ſay you ſent fo᷑ me. Fidelia.
Yea daughter I did ſo. Duke.
And mark what I ſhall ſay to thée, the cauſe therofto ſhow.
Thou ſéeſt thy b᷑other héere,
In name but not in kinde, Fidelia.
Well holde thy peace I ſay, and let me tell my minde. Duke.
Thy b᷑other héere I ſay thou ſéeſt him ſtriken dumbe,
And as this learned man declares, by magick it is don.
But yet there is a way, one thing he telleth me,
that will reſto᷑e him to his ſpéech, that reſteth inwardly.
Which though I might commaund, yet I intreat to know,
Be not ſo ſtubbo᷑ne o᷑ vnkinde, thy furtherance to ſhowe.
Noble father you can not ſay, but hitherto I haue, Fidelia.
Bin moſt obedient to your will in all things that you craue.
But hérin pardon me, if this I do᷑ deny,
I neuer can be made to graunt helpe to mine enemye.
My deadly enemy, wo᷑ſe then my mo᷑tall foe,
And ſuch a one is he to me fo᷑ I haue found him ſo.
That laboured euermo᷑e to croſſe me with deſpite,
But I am glad I may ſo well his curteſie requite.
A right woman, either loue like an Angell, Penule
Do᷑ hate like a Deuill, in extreames ſo to dwell.

But

Duke. But daughter I commaund, and I thy Father tœ.
Fidelia. And I your daughter any thing that lawfull is to dœ.
Duke. Is it not right and lawfull both, to helpe thy brothers woe?
Fidelia. Its neither right nor lawfull sir to helpe my deadly foe.
Duke. If he haue bœne thy foe, he may become thy freend,
Fidelia. And when I sœ that come to pass, I may some succour send.
Duke. But wherfore shouldst thou be so cruell vnto him?
Fidelia. Because vnto my dœrest frœnd so spitefull he hath bœn.
Duke. Nay stubborne girle, but then I will constraine thœ I,
Lay holde on her my selfe will then sith she doth it deny.
Fidelia. Assist me righteous Gods in this extreametie,
Bomelio. Ah pardona, pardona, please you let me a while wit her alone,
And me warrant me make her consent to you anon.
Els me giue her a powder with a little drinke,
Wish make her sœpe, and den when she noting tinke.
Wit de sharp rather me prick her by by,
And stop it againe and she no fœle why.
Please you be gone and let vs tœ alone hœre:
We make her consent you no point feare.
Duke. Dœ it Maister Doctor, and I am bound to you for aye,
Ungratious girle that dœst deny thy Father to obay. (dœd.
Lok to her sir and send me wœrd when thou hast dœn the
Bomelio. Awe awe, I fat I fat, me make her bleed.
Fidelia. O wretched girle what hope remaines behinde,
What comfort can recomfort now thy minde.
Forsaken thus of Father and of frœnd,
Why seek'st thou not to bring thy life to end.
Can greater woes befall vnto thy share,
Come Gentleman dispatch and dœ not spare.
If it be so his pleasure and thy will,
I am content my dœrest blœd to spill.
Deferre not then, holde take thine aymie at mœ,
And strike me through, for I desire to dye.
Bomelio, The Heauens forbid, faire Mayden no not I:
I am thy frœnd, I am no enemye.

Feare

Feare not, ſtand vp it is only for thy ſake,
That I this toyle and trauell vndertake.
Thy loue my Sonne is at my caue with me,
Safe and in health long loking there for thée.
Truſt to my wordes faire maide for I am he,
That ouertook thée in the wood laſt day:
And till thy comming Hermione I lay.
Is in my caue.
What ioyfull wordes be theſe, Fidelia.
And is Hermione your ſonne, do then as you ſhall pleaſe.
Beholde me ready preſt to followe any way,
God father do not thus delude, a ſimple maide I pray.
I truſt vnto your wordes, my life is in your power,
And till I ſée Hermione, each minute is an howre.
Daughter diſmay no whit but truſt to me, Bomelio.
What I haue ſaide perfourmed thou ſhalt ſée.
I haue diſſembled with thy Father héere,
The better that I might with thée conferre.
And ſince thou art ſo faithfull to thy loue,
As I may well reporte I did thée proue.
Let vs be gon now cloſely as we may:
Yea my good Father euen when you will I pray. Fidelia.
Thrice bleſſed be the howre I met with you,
My Father now and Brother both adewe.
Vnkinde to her, moſt kinde that you ſhould be,
I leaue them alll my déere to come to thée.
Exeunt.

Enter Hermione ſolus, with bookes vnder his arme.

O Gods that déepeſt gréefes are felt in cloſeſt ſmart, Hermione.
That in the ſmiling countenance may lurk ỳ wounded hart.
I ſée the noble minde can counterfaite a bliſſe,
When ouerwhelmed with a care his ſoule perplexed is.
It is for daſtard Knightes that ſtretch on feather beds:

Dispairing in aduersitie so lowe to hang their heads.
The better borne the more his magnanimitie:
The fearcer fight, the dæper wound, the more vndaunted he.
So I perceiue it now, I well perceiue it hære:
What I my selfe could not, I learne by thee my father dære.
He that in golden age, I meane his lusty youth, (ruth.
Was thought to spend in pleasures lap, without regarde of
He that had lost his time as brauely as the best:
Onely deuising how to make his ioyes surmount the rest.
Not in that wanton youth, not in that plesant mate:
Could fortune with her fickleneste his wonted minde abate.
He rather challengeth to dw her very worst,
And makes a semblance of delight, although indœde accurst.
My father therupon deuised how he might, (dispite.
Reuenge and wreak him self on her, that wrought him such
And therfore I perceiue he strangely vseth it,
Inchaunting and transfourming that his fancy did not fit.
As I may sæ by these his vile blasphemous Bookes,
My soule abhorres as often as mine eye vpon them lookes.
What gaine can counteruaile the danger that they bring,
For man to sell his soule to sinne, ist not a grœuous thing?
To captiuate his minde and all the giftes therin,
to that which is of others all the most vngratious sinne.
Which so intangleth them that therunto apply:
As at the last forsakeih them in their extremety.
Such is this art, such is the studie of this skill,
this supernaturall deuise, this Magicke such it will.
In ransacking his Caue these Bookes I lighted on:
And with his leaue Ile be so bolde whilste he abroad is gon.
To burne them all: for best that serueth for this stuffe,
I doubt not but at his returne to please him well enough.
And Gentlemen I pray, and so desire I shall,
You would abhor this study, for it wil confound you all.

Exit

Enter

Enter Lentulo with a Ring in his mouth, a Marigolde in his hand, and a faire shute of apparell on his backe: after he hath a while made some dum shew, Penulo commeth running in with two or three other.

Runne for the loue of God, search villaines out of hand, Penulo.
Runne I say rascalles, lok about ye how do you stand.
The Dukes daughter is gone againe, and all the Courte is in an vprore:
A pore on such a Phisition, he shall counsell her no more.
See you maister Penulo who is that yonder so braue, Seriant.
Cocks blod you villaine what do you here you slaue? Penulo.
Swoundes hath rob'd the Duke of a shute of apparell,
Why speak you not sirra: yea will you not tell:
Lay him on my maisters, spare him not I say:
Speak you by signes: one of you pull the Ring away.
Cocks blod my finger, a bites me, a pestilence there: Seriant.
What meane ye my maisters, what meane ye here. Lentulo.
Haue you found your tung sir, oh very well, Penulo.
I pray you sir where had you this shute of apparell.
This parell, what and I stole it, whats that to thee? Lentulo.
Mary sir no more but that hang'd you shall be. Penulo
Then all the world shall see there is somwhat in me, Lentulo.
When I am hang'd. O I shall swing luskelye.
Mas I shall do him great credit that hanges me,
But if I may be hanged by an Atturnye,
I will desire thee the place to supplie.
Yes marry will I for curtesie sake, Penulo.
Come on your way sir the paines I will take.
To bring you before the Duke that he may see,
What a proper man in his apparell you be.
Wilt thou faith, mas I thank thee hartely. Lentulo.
But I must talke a little with our vplandishe here,
And then Ile goe with thee faith any where.
Vplandish you rascall, where is he now, Penulo.

Yées gone and ſtole away the Dukes daughter wᵗ him tw,

Lentulo. Oh my hart, what dᵒ you ſay?

Penulo. Mary that togeather they be both run away.

Lentulo Nay then haue after yᵉ behinde Ile not ſtay,

Lentulo. What no ſuch haſte with you ſir I pʳay. (dead.

Lentulo. And is my Lady gone and fled, oh take me vp foʳ I am

Farwell my Marigolde, oh villaine Caitife he,

By bones and ſtones, & all the Mᵒnes, I will auenged be.

Penulo. You ſhall be reuenged ſir, that ſhall you pʳeſently,

Away away with him to the Duke by and by.

Lentulo. I can goe my ſelfe and you will let me alone:

Now as I walke alas I make to me my mone.

When I in pʳiſon ſtrong pᵒʳe ſoule ſhall liue and dye:

Then will I make my louing ſong vpon mine owⁿ pigſnye.

Penulo. Away with him ſirs why dᵒ ye tarry?

Lentulo. And thou wert in my caſe thou wouldſt not be ſo haſtye.

Exit.

Penulo. Fie vpon it what a ſturre haue we hᵉre?

Neuer was noble mans houſe in ſuch feare.

Such hurring, ſuch ſturring, ſuch running euery way:

Such howling, ſuch cryʒing, ſuch accurſing the day.

That euer the villaine could counterfaite ſo,

When we leaſt thought of it away with her to goe.

But the woʳld is ſo full of knauery now,

That we know not whom to truſt I may ſay to you.

If my wife fall ſicke as ſhe may, ile make a condition,

She ſhall neuer take counſell of an vplandiſh Phiſition.

Hang them knaues, but what a pʳating kᵉpe I? (why,

When I ſhould haue bᵉn ſeuen miles of mine arrand, foʳ

I muſt goe ſet all the Cuntry vp in a watch,

If it be poſſible this Phiſition to catch.

Enter Bomelio and Fidelia.

Stay daughter ſtay, foʳbeare thy poſting haſte,

thou

Thou néedſt not feare, all perils now are paſt.
Thankes to the Gods that ſuch ſucceſſe they gaue,
Thus happely to bring vs to my caue.
Oh Father ſtill I feare miſhap behinde, Fidelia.
Suſpect is naturall vnto our kinde.
And perils that import a mans decay,
Can neuer be eſtewed too ſoone they ſay.
Had I a ſight of mine Hermione,
I care not then what did become of me.
I will hærin accompliſhe thy deſire, *Bomelio.*
So graunt the Gods the reſt that I require.
Hermione, Hermione, my Sonne I ſay,
Come forth and ſæ thy frændes that for thée ſtay.

Enter Hermione.

Welcome my Father but ten times welcome thou, Hermione.
The conſtant Lady mine that liueth now.
And liues Hermione, liues my Hermione, Fidelia.
What can be added more to my felicitie.
Thy life my life, ſuch comfort doſt thou giue, Hermione.
Happy my life, becauſe I ſæ thée liue. Fidelia.
Whilſte they recorde the ſwætneſſe of their bliſſe, *Bomelio.*
I will apply to further as they wiſh:
Their ſweet delight by magickes cunning ſo,
that happy they ſhall liue in ſpite of foe.
How doubtfull are the lets of loyall loue, Hermione.
Great be the dangers that true louers proue.
But when the Sunne after a ſhower of raine,
Breakes through the Clowdes, and ſhoes his might againe.
More comfortable to his glory then,
Becauſe it was a while withheld of men.
Peace after warre is pleſanter we finde,
A ioy differd is ſwæter to the minde.
So I.
It hath bæn ſaide, that when Vliſſes was, Fidelia.

Ten yæres at Troy, and ten yæres more alas.
Wandering abroad as chaunce and fortune lead,
Penelop. supposing him for dead.
But he prouiding still for afterclaps,
When he had scapte a thousand hard mishaps,
It did him good to recken vp at last,
Vnto his wife his trauelles he had past.
And swætly then recording his distresse,
To make the more account of happines.
So I.

Hermione. Then as the Turtle that hath found her mate,
Forgets her former woes and wretched state.
Renewing now her drowping hart againe,
Because her pleasure ouercomes her paine.
The same of thy desired sight I make,
Whereon thy faith, thy hart and hand I take.

Fidelia. And so I sweare to thæ vnfeinedly,
To liue thine owne, and eke thine owne to dye.

Enter Bomelio.

Bomelio. Cogs blod villins, the deuil is in the bed straw, wounds I haue bæn robd, robd, robd, where be the thæues, my bœks bœkes did I not leaue thæ with my bœkes, where are my bœkes, my bœkes, where be my bœkes villin, arrant villen.

Hermione. O father my dære father harke.

Bomelio. Father, my dære father,
Soule giue me my Bœkes, lets haue no more tarrying. the daye begins to be darke, it raines, it begins with tempestes, thunder and lightning, fire and brimstone, and all my bœkes are gone, and I cannot helpe my selfe, nor my frœndes, what a pestilence who came there.

Hermione. Ile tell you father if you please to heare.

Bomelio. What canst thou tel me, tel me of a turd, what and a come I conjure thæ foule spirit down to hell, ho ho ho the deuil the deuil, a coms, a coms, a coms vpon me and I lack my bœks.

help,

help, help help, lend me a ſword, a ſword, oh I am gone.
Alas how fell he to this madding mood, Fidelia.
The heauens and earth deny to do vs good. Hermione.
O father, my good father look on me. Fidelia.
What ment I not to ſhut vp the doore, and take the keies Bomelio.
with me, and put the books vnder the bed ſtraw, out you hore,
a hore, a hore, gogs blood Ile dreſſe you for a hore, I haue a
cauſe to curſe hores as long as I liue, come awaye come a-
way, giue me my bookes, my bookes giue me, giue me, giue.
Help, help me good Hermione. Fidelia.

Exit.

I come of worldes of miſerie. Hermione.
Confounded in the top of my delight,
The Fates and Fortune thus againſt me fight. Exit.

Fortunes Triumph, ſound Trumpets, Drummes, Cornets and Gunnes.

Sée madam who can daſhe your bravery, Fortune.
Euen at the pitch of your felicitie.
When you aſſure that they ſhall ſtedfaſt ſtand.
Euen then my power I ſuddeinly can ſhowe,
Tranſpoſing it, as it had neuer béen ſo.
Hérin I triumph, hérin I delight,
Thus haue I manifeſted now my might.
Héere Ladies learne to like of Venus lure,
And me loue long your pleaſures ſhall indure.
Now thou haſt don euen what thou canſt I ſée, Venus.
They ſhall be once againe reléeu'd by me.

Muſicke. Muſick.

The fifth Acte.

Ye goddeſſes of this eternitie, Mercury.
To whom of right belonges each earthly thing.

The

The King of Gods salutes ye both by me.
And I beseech you marke the newes I bring.
My father Iupiter perceiuing well,
What hath heerin oft been don by each of you:
O how ye still indeuour to excell,
Maintaining that wheron the quarrell grewe.
That is the gouernment of this estate,
And vnto whome the soueraintye shall fall:
Here therfore to conclude your long debate,
Least your contention may be counted generall.
Desires ye both, and so commaundes by me:
Ye stand to his conclusion of the cause:
How say you therfore will you now agrée,
that malice may no longer right delude.

Venus. Brother Mercury, as I haue neuer bœn,
So obstinate or bent so frowardly:
But that I could some time relent the ill,
A woman must a little haue her will.
So am I now resolued for to dw,
What so my Father shall intreate me tw.

Fortune. And all the world by me perceiueth well,
Of course my fancy, my fauour and my skill.
And when my cause a little course hath had,
I am well pleased and no longer sad.

Mercury. Then thus our Father Iupiter concludes,
To stay the stroake of your vnceasing strife:
As heretofore betwirt these louers twaine,
Ye haue exprest your powers vpon their life.
So now he willes you to withholde your handes,
Enough suffiseth to confirme your might:
And to conioyne ye both in frendly bandes,
Of faithfull loue wherin the Gods delight.
His pleasure is, that Lady Venus you,
Shall be content neuer to hinder them:
To whome Dame Fortune shall for frendship showe,
Of wretched to procure them happy men,

Ne

Ne shall you Fortune once presume to take,
The credit of the honor in your hand:
If Lady Venus dw them quite forsake,
You shall not seme in her defence to stand.
But whome socuer one of you preferre,
The other shall be subiect vnto her.
For thus hath Iupiter determined now,
I must and will subscribe my will to you. Venus.
And I most gladly therof dw allow. Fortune.
Whom Fortune fauours I will not dispise, Venus.
Whom loue reiectes by me shall neuer rise. Fortune.
To this conclusion dw you both agree? Mercury.
For my parte. Venus.
And I most willingly. Fortune.
Then let your vnion be confirmed againe, Mercury.
By proper course eche one in his dicent:
Ouer mortall men and worldly thinges to raine,
By enterchange as Iupiter hath ment.
And frendly Fortune let me intreate alone, Mercury.
Sith by your meanes these louers hindred were:
And now ye two are reconcilde in one,
You graunt the grace their honour vp to reare.
Swet Mercury, I giue thee my consent, Venus.
I will forthwith aduaunce them to renowne:
And their destruction better to preuent,
They shall releeue them that did throw them downe.
And I my gracious fauour will bestowe, Fortune.
Upon them all according to desarte:
And I will helpe his frantie ere I goe,
That Beadlom vp and down he replaies his parte. Mercury.

Enter Bomelio with Hermione, and Fidelia, with a Cope and Dagger.

Hots woonds ye here? am not for your diet, hang rascal make a leg to me, by Cogs blod Ile stab thee through, what *Bomelio.*

the deuill the deuill and all my bookes be gon: O most accurst man Bomelio, goe hide thy selfe, goe hide thy selfe, goe hang thy selfe, goe hang. Ile hang the hoze out of hand, and as foz you villin, stand rascall stand.

Fidelia. God Father heare me, come take a little rest,
Yea my swæt Father come slœpe vpon my brest.

Bomelio. Hark ỳ hoze, see what an impudẽt hoze it is, slœp you hoze ile slœp with you anon, gogs blod you hoze, ile hang you vp.

Fidelia. Helpe helpe Hermione.

Hermione. God father let her alone, come let vs goe,

Mercury. Now with my musick ile recure his woe.

Play.

Bomelio. Hark harke my hartes, Pipes, Fiddels, oh braue, I shall haue my bookes againe, daunce about, Robin Hod is a god knaue, come belle lets goe slœp, come belle together together

Mercury. Now will I charme him that he shall not wake,
Untill he be relæued in this place:
Then take her blod and cast it on this brake,
And therwithall besprinckle all his face.
And he shall be restozed to his sence,
His health and memozy as hæretofoze:
Do this foz I must now departe from hence,
And so your sozrowes shall increase no moze.

Hermione. Fidelia, what hast thou heard my dære,
O comfoztable wozdes were they but true:
If any God oz Goddesse be so nære,
Vouchsafe of pitie on our paines to rue.
Delude not with a fained phantasie:
The wzetched minde of men in miserie.

Fidelia. Alas Hermione, let vs not fede
And flatter our selues with my god surmise:
We are too much accursed so to spæd,
Oz any hope therof foz to deuise.
Resolue your selfe dære freend another way,
And let vs neuer looke foz happy day.

Enter

Enter Phizantius, Armenio, Penulo, and Lentulo.

When thirſt of hot reuenge inflameth high deſire, Phyzan.
When malice blindeth ſo the minds of them ỹ would aſpire.
That to inlarge their names, they wreak not his diſpite,
That ouerſeeth all their workes, their doinges to requite.
Marke then what followeth when Princes ye prouoke.
The deeper & the larger wound when longeſt is the ſtroake.
And this hath moued me to leaue my Court a while,
To be content in ſweat of browes, in trouble paine & toyle.
To ſeeke out wretches them that haue abuſ'd me ſo,
And to rewarde their villany according ere we goe.
Way it pleaſe your honour it is excellent dun, (Sonne. Penulo.
Gogs blood and I were a Prince and had ſuch an noble
That ſhould be ſo highly abuſed as he hath bẽn,
Would I put it vp? no by his wounds I would neuer lin.
Till I had made ſuch a mingle mangle vpon their noſe,
That their ſkin ſhould ſerue to make me a dublet and a paire of hoſe.
What you would not? I faith you lok not with the face, Lentulo.
Whẽ you haue their ſkin ſir, what wil you do with the caſe?
But maiſter Prince, ſince you are come to this trauelation,
Ile bring you to mine olde maiſters conuoculation.
Where he hides him ſelfe when I ran away:
Its not farre within theſe woods: how think you ſir I pray?
Lead on the way and I will follow thee, Phyzan.
Why then come on my valiant harts, march on and followe me. Lentulo.
But Ile make this bargaine firſt, heare you me what I ſay?
When I come home you ſhall not let my maiſter beate me for running away.
Ye ſhall not I warrant thée: Phyzan.
Why then my noble youths of Oke pluck vp your harts with me. Lentulo.
Wil you come ſir, come on I faith kéep in order you thereby:

We shall finde her I faith maister Prince anon I know,
And then Ile trounce him for running away with an other
mans wife I trowe.

Penulo. Stand sir, who lyes a cunning yonder can you tell?
Lentulo. Its a Begger with a Roge.
Phyzan. It is my daughter I see full well.
Hermione. Fidelia be content, shrinke not at all.
Phyzan. Strike not a stroke my sonne.
Penulo. For helpe I shall goe run and call.
Phyzan. And art thou found false traitour and vntrue?
Traitour to him that delte so well with thee:
Did I deuise to stop that would insue,
And found my cares such issue as I see.
I see I am abused to too much,
And too much sufferance is cause of this abuse,
This high abuse of yours as being such,
Affordes no cloke nor colour of excuse.
O where is thankfulnesse and loue become?
Where is feare of Princes wrath exilde?
Euen this is the vnhappinesse of some,
To be of them they trusted moste beguilde,
But sometime pardon breedes a second ill:
Thou shameleste wench, and thou false harted knight,
By your vnhappy deedes I learne this skill.
But yet I list not kill thee as I might,
Her will I haue and keepe her as I may,
On paine of death I charge thee hence away.

Hermione. O Prince, this sentence hath his force and strength,
And dead I am that heere appeer to liue:
For how alas can this my life haue length,
When she is hence that life and sence doth giue.
But since alas I must be only he,
Whom Fortune vowes to make a common game:
Armenio my foe do this for me,
With thy reuenge to end my open shame.
To helpe thee to disgest thine iniurie,

Appeale

Appeale thee with Hermiones tragedie.
Farre be the thought of that accursed deede, Fidelia.
O sweete Hermione my sweet Hermione:
Foule be his fall that makes thy body bleede,
O sweete Hermione my sweete Hermione.
And father this I vowe, forgiue it me,
I will be sacrifice for this offence:
And or I will haue my Hermione,
My chosen loue: or never parte from hence.
Him haue the destinies ordained mine:
Wolt worthy, me your daughter every way:
Nor he to any will his choice resigne.
No more my troubled thoughts will let me say.
What wilt thou fœlishe girle and obstinate, Phyzan.
Saist thou this treason is deuisde by fate.
That shall we trie, dispatch her hence away,
Lets see who dares our princely will gainsay.
Sir, and youle haue vs carry her, heere be them come of Penulo.
the carriers:
And youle haue vs marry her, heere be them come of the Lentulo
marriers.
Lord I marueil to whose share this Lady will fall, Penulo.
I am sure my parte in her wilbe least of all.
Venus and Fortune shew themselues and speak to Phizantius, while Hermione standeth in a maze.
Nye time it is that now we did appeare, Venus.
If we desire to end their miserie:
Phizantius stay, and vnto vs giue eare, Fortune.
What thou determinest performed cannot be.
Dread goddesse, whatsoeuer of this place, Phyzan.
If I heerin haue disobaied thy grace.
Of fauour graunt for to remit the same,
Let me not suffer vndeserued blame.
Phizantius stand vp be of good cheere, Venus.
None but thy frendes are met together heere.
Thy frends though goddesses in other thinges,

Yet enterchange an alteration bringes.
And now wheras you seeke in what you can,
To let your childe to marry with this man.
Knowe that it is the pleasure of our will,
That they together be conioyned still.
For tis not so, he is not borne so base,
As you esteeme, but of a noble race.
His Father is the god *Bomelio*,
That sleepeth heere oppreſt with woe.
Whom Phalaris thy father on a false reporte,
In wrath and anger banished his Court.
But this is he to whom thou wisheſt oft good,
And this his Sonne borne of a noble blood.
Thinke it no scorne to thee or thine hereafter,
To haue his Sonne espoused to thy daughter.

Phyzan, Right gracious Goddesse if this be true indeed,
As I beleeue, because from you it doth proceed:
Then pardon me, for had I knowne it so,
His Sonne had neuer tasted of this woe.
Unwitting of his linage till this time,
But I presumed sprung of a noble line.
But hence and please your dieties my greefe,
Because my Sonne is dumbe without releefe. (leaue,

Penulo. I faith sirra thou and I may holde our peace with their
For none but wise men speak heere I perceiue.

Lentulo. In some respectes so, in some respectes not,
For a fooles bolte is soone enough shot.

Fortune, Phizantius feare no longer his distresse,
The gratious Gods prouide for his redresse.
The shedding of thy daughters deerest blood,
Shall both to him and to this man do good.
For let this Fearne be dipt in many a place,
And as he sleepeth cast it in his face.
And let his tung be washed there withall.
And both of them releeued see you shall.

Phizan, How say you daughter will you graunt therto,

Most

Most willing sir if you vouchsafe to dw. Fidelia.
But this requeſt which I moſt humbly pray,
Then I may be Hermiones for aye.
With all my hart hæron I giue my hand. Phyzan.
I take it ſir, and to your word I ſtand. Fidelia.
And for thy ſake Hermione my deare,
Sæ what I dw, although it touch me neere.
Now take thy fill and for his madneſſe proue,
O ſwæt and fearefull ſight the ſigne of loue. Hermione.
If it be any ſwæter maſters that runnes from you ſo. Lentulo.
I pray you giue me ſome of your bleſſinges ere you goe.
I ſtriue to ſpeak and glad I finde my ſpæche, Armenio.
Forgiue Hermione, forgiue me I beſæch.
And you good ſiſter pardon my frænds tw,
Tw raſh in all I ventured to dw.
Sæ what procædeth from vnſtable youth,
Shame to him ſelfe, and to his frændes a cauſe of ruthe.
Armenio long hath my end deſired, Hermione.
To heare the proffer of this pleſant peace:
Which ſith the Gods dw graunt as we require,
Hence forth let rancor and contention ceaſe.
And in our breſt be knit for euer ſure,
The linkes of loue perpetuall to indure.
What haue I heard: what is it that they ſaye Bomelio.
Amazed quite, confounded euery way.
My ſonne Hermione, I know that is the ſame,
And thats my Prince, now comes græfe and ſhame.
My Lord Bomelio ſhun not, I know you now, Phizan.
Forgiue the fact my Father did to you.
And what he did impute it not to me,
Thy former place I will reſtore to thée,
In token of our faithfull amitie,
We will be ioyned in néere affinitie.
Long liue Phizantius, long liue in happy eaſe,
The Gods be bleſt I liue this day to ſæ: Bomelio.
What pleaſe the one ſhall neuer me diſpleaſe.

Thyrſe

Thrise happy now for all my misery.

Penulo. Why then sir, sith euery thing is come to so good an end,
I hope my good master youle stand my good frænd. (liue on.
And giue me but two or thræ thousand pound a yare to

Lentulo. Much in my nock Nicols you and I shal slaue it anon.

Armenio. Assure thæ Penulo thou shalt not want as long as I liue.

Lentulo. Why then maister, mine olde Maister, I pray you forgiue,
Your old runaway, twas for fashion sake, Ile do so no more

Bomelio. Lok you do not sirra and then I pardon you therfore.

Venus. Thus euery thing vnited is by loue,
Now Gods and men are reconcilde againe:
On whome because I did my pleasure proue,
I will reward you for your former paine.
Receiue the fauours of our dietie,
And sing the praise of Venus soueraintie.

Fortune. And for I plaid my parte with Lady loue,
While eche did striue for thæse authoritie:
Your good deserts dame Fortune so doth moue,
To giue these signes of liberalitie.
Thus for amendes of this your late vnrest,
By Loue and Fortune ye shall all be blest.
And thus hæreof this inward care I haue,
That wisdome ruleth loue and Fortune both:
Though riches faile and beauty sæme to saue,
Yet wisdome forward still vnconquered goeth.
This we beseech you take frændly in worth.
And sith by loue and fortune our troubles all do cease,
God saue her Maiestie that kæpes vs all in peace.
Now they and we do all triumphe in ioy,
And loue and fortune are linked sure frændes:
All græfe is fled for your annoy.
Fortune and loue makes all amendes.
Let vs reioyce then for the same,
And sing hye praises of their name.

FINIS.